822
R182
1589

RARE
TRIUMPHS
OF
LOVE
AND
FORTUNE

1589

PHOTO-FACSIM
HUNTINGTON

The person charging this material is responsible for its return to the library from which it was withdrawn on or before the **Latest Date** stamped below.

Theft, mutilation, and underlining of books are reasons for disciplinary action and may result in dismissal from the University.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS LIBRARY AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

AUG 8 1976

JUL 14 1976

L161—O-1096

THE Rare Triumphes of *Loue* and *Fortune*.

Plaide before the Queenes moſt excellent Maieſtie: wherin are manye fine Conceites with great delight.

AT LONDON
Printed by *E. A.* for *Edward White*, and are to be ſolde at the little North *doore of S.* Paules *Church at the* ſigne of the *Gunne*:
1589.

Kyd, or Kid, Thomas, 1557?–1595?

Camb. 1557?–1594

Identified with Hieronimo (see and effortless drama) before
his majestie at Hampton-court on the sondaie at night next
before xxiie yeares xxiie Erected by the Earle of
Derbies servauntes (Revels) Accounts, 1582–3

The Cambridge History of English Literature (1911: V, p. 432)
characterizes the description of this work to Thomas Kyd as
being based on unsatisfactory evidence

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign Alternates

https://archive.org/details/raretriumphesofl00unse

822
R182
1584

The first Acte.

Enter *Mercury*, then riſeth a Furie: then enter the aſſembly of the Gods, *Iupiter* with *Iuno*, *Apollo* with *Minerua*, *Mars* and *Saturne*, after *Vulcan* with *Venus*, the Fury ſets debate amongſt them, and after *Iupiter* ſpeakes as followeth.

YE Gods and Goddeſſes, whence ſpringes this ſtrife of late? Who are the authors of this mutenye? Or whence hath ſprung this ciuill diſcorde here: Which on the ſodaine ſtrook vs in this feare. If Gods that raigne in Skyes do fall at warre, No meruaile then though mortall men do iarre. But now I ſee the cauſe thou Fury fell, Bred in the dungeon of the deepeſt hell. Who cauſeth thee to ſhew thy ſelfe in light, and what thy meſſage is, I charge thee tell vpright. Iupiter.

Enter *Tyſiphone*.

O *Iupiter* thou dreadfull king of Gods & men the father hie, to whoſe commaund the heauens, the earth and loweſt hell obey: Tyſiphone the daughter of eternall night, Bred in the bottome of the deepeſt pit of hell: Brought vp in blod and cheriſht with ſcrauling Snakes, tormenting therwithall the damned ſoules of them, Heer vpon earth that careleſſe liue of thy commaundement. I am the ſame. I am the ſame whom both my lothſome ſiſters hate, whom hell it ſelfe complaines to keep within her race. Tiſiphone.

104300

Whom euery fearfull soule detesteth with a curse,
whom earth and Seas defie heauens lothing to beholde,
I am the same.
I am the same sent from thy brother Pluto now,
Thy brother Pluto King of hell and golden mynes,
Sent vnto thee and these thy fellow Gods I am,
From him to thee from him by me. to tell thee to thy face,
He hath bin lately rubde and toucht perhaps to nere:
which he ne can or will put vp without reuenge.
If thou or any God the quarell dares defend.
And this it is.
Thy daughter Venus thy proud daughter Venus heere,
Blabs it abroad and beareth all the world in hand,
She must be thought the only Goddesse of the world:
Exalting and suppressing whom she likes best,
Defacing altogeather Lady Fortunes grace.
Breaking her anckers downe dishonouring her name,
Whose gouernement thy selfe, thy selfe dost knowe.
How saist thou dost thou not?
Her father therfore thy brother Pluto sendes,
By me the messenger of discorde and debate:
Commaunding or desiring, chose thou whether of both.
Her honour still impire, she may maintaine:
Els on thy daughter Venus that lasciuious dame,
Him selfe will wreak his high dispite on her.

Iupiter. Departe foule fend vnto thy lothsome sell,
where thou lamenting makes continuall mone:
Goe tell my brother were it not for him,
thou shouldst haue rude thy bolde presumption.
Say thou thy message hath bin largely heard,
and bid him send his daughter Fortune now:
whilst we are heere the matter may haue ende.
Dispatch.

Tisiphone. I goe. (lowe,
Giue place thou aire, open thou earth, gape hollow hell be-
and vnto all that liue and breathe, I wishe a worlde of woe.

Exit *Tysiphone*.

Pe

Ye powers deuine be reconcilde againe, Iupiter.
Departe from discorde and extreme debate:
within your breasts let loue and peace remaine,
A perfect patterne of your heauenly state.
whilome a goe to hell condemning hate:
Thus when the hier powers is in one,
Then vpon earth will dye contention.

Great God and father mine, your care and feare Mercury.
Of vs and eke of all the world beside,
that restles rules in his continuall Sphere,
wherby all thinges in perfect course abide:
as one arayes an other forth to slide.
And this example may preuaile for all,
to worke our willes according to your call:
And I dare say presuming on the rest,
the poyson of this rancour is suppresst.

How ye agree my maisters I cannot tell, Vulcan.
But were we a bed, we two could agrée well.

Gramercy Mercury I know thy will Iupiter.
Is euer prest to further my desire:
in signe wherof to quiet all thinges well,
and to surpresse betimes the secret fire,
that I perceiue would break and mount vp hier.
This to preuent content ye heere to staye,
to marke a while what for themselues they say.
And Venus heere I charge thee on my grace,
Not that I found thee heertofore vntrue:
But for thine aduersarie is not yet in place,
thou tell vprightly whence your quarrell grew:
what words betwixt you therof did ensue.
Say louely daughter tell vs flat thy minde,
they shalbe blamed on whom the fault we finde. (tempt,

O thou that gouernest euery thing that Gods & men at- Venus.
and with thy fearful thunderbolte their doings dost preuẽt.
What hath thy daughter so deserued: what doth she silly dãe:
Before ye thus to be abused with vndeserued blame:

Surely but that thy duety commaundes me now to ſpeake,
For ſuch a trifling cauſe this way, my wrath I would not wreak.
But ſhe no meruaile though ſhe ſeke my ſeat thus to ſtaine
When otherwaies ſhe connot tell, aduantage how to gain.
But hence this hot diſpight, Hinc illæ lacrimæ:
Becauſe I ſay ſhe could not proue, her ſelf of power with me
For all you Godheads know, ſhe paines but ſuch as pleſure knewe:
She neuer greeues the groning minde, wher gladnes neuer grewe.
She neuer ouerthrowes but at the top of ioy:
For they that neuer taſted bliſſe, miſlike not their anoye.
But I torment the minde that neuer felt releefe,
I plague the wretch that neuer thought on comfort in his greefe.
That neuer had the hope of any happy chaunce:
that neuer once ſo much as deem'd I would his ſtate aduãce.
Thinke then which of vs both are of the greater power,
Once in his life or not at all to graunt a lightning hower.
I neede not ſtand to make rehearſall here of all, thrall.
For Gods and ghoſts, yea, men & beaſts vnto my power are
I dare appeale to you if I ſhould looke awry: deny.
Say father with your leaue, in heauen who dares my word
And if I pleaſe to ſmile who will not laugh out right:
Wherby my great omnipotence is knowne to euery wight.
I make the noble lous the baſtarde in degree:
I tame and temper all the tunges, that raile & ſcoffe at me.
What bird, what beaſt, what worme, but feeleth my delight
what liues or draweth breth, but I can pleſure or deſpight.
Yet diuers thinges there be that Fortune cannot tame,
as are the riches of the minde, or elſe an honeſt name.
Or a contented hart, ſtill free from Fortunes power.
But ſuch as clime before they crale, muſt drink ſ ſweat with ſower.
Thy ſelf O Iupiter didſt graunt ſometimes to me:
Of all things heer beneath the Sonne, I ſhould the ruler be.
Thou ſaiſt I did deſerue the honor of that praiſe,
thy ſelfe didſt once deuiſe wherby my glory firſt to raiſe.

Is this my ſoueraigntie, is this ſo glorious:
Is this becomming thy renown, to quit thy daughter thus?
Feare not faire Venus, neither be diſmaide, Iupiter.
Repoſe thee on the warrant of my word:
What I haue promiſt doubt not to be performed,
the ſpareleſſe deſtinies my will affourde.
Let this defend thee like a truſty Sword.
But Lady Fortune commeth now we ſee,
Welcome faire dame, what is thy will with me? Fortune.
Ye ſacred powers deuine how ſhould I now begin,
Or which way ſhould I couch my words your fauors for to
I may poure out my plaint, but thou maiſt it redreſſe, (win.
My Father humbly praieth you to giue me leaue to ſpeak,
And pardon him ẏ in his wrath he did your quietnes breake.
I cannot but confeſſe dread Gods I am not ſhe,
that ſeekes with Venus to compare in her ſupremacie.
I am not of that power, yet am I of ſome might,
which ſhe vſurping chalengeth to keep me from my right.
I graunt ſhe may do much with her aluring ſmiles,
But ſon your Godheads can perceiue her words be full of
What be ẏ tragedies, the terors that ſhe makes? (wiles.
Lets ſee the mighty Monarchs the kingdomes ẏ ſhe ſhakes.
Poore ſoule ſhe ſoundly liues with wanton ſugred ioyes,
triumphing in her own delight vpon her fooliſhe toyes.
Sometime ſhe flattereth it in pleaſure mixt with paine,
Like to a faire ſunſhine day ouercaſt with Clowds of raine
But ſhould I reckon vp what thinges I can confound,
what is it then, or what hath been, or ſhall for aye be found.
Is not the wonder of the World a worke that ſon decayes:
therfore ye ſee all earthly thinges, are wearing out alwaies
As brittle as the glaſſe, vnconſtant like the minde:
as fickle as the whirling wheele, as wauering as the winde.
Loe ſuch am I that ouerthrowes the hieſt reared tower:
that changeth and ſupporteth Realmes in twinkling of an
And ſend the haſty ſmart whom I deuiſe to ſpoyle: (hower.
Not threatning or forewarning them but at a ſodain ſmile.

Where

Where ioy doth most abound there I do sorrow place,
and them I chefely persecute that pleasure did embrace.
what greater greefe can fall to man in all his life,
then after sweet to tast the sower, in peace to be at strife.
It is a biting thought that fretteth on the hart, (smart,
to say the time was when I ioy'd, though now oppress with
If euer might the King did scape vntoucht of me:
if euery yeere, or moneth, or day, or if an howre might be.
Wherin I haue not vs'd to practise some exchange,
Perhaps for this authoritie I might be thought to range.
To farre beyond my right but euen the very starres,
the Heauens, the Plaunts, and the Seas beare witnesse of
my scarres.

Venus. No more of that good dame you run too farre at rome,
Ile take the paines to kep you short & call you nerer home.
I pray you whats your might when all are well beloud?

Fortune. The sweetest louers in distres ỹ sharper stormes haue prou'd

Venus. Perhaps for want of wealth but if their riches slack,

Fortune. They are the very instrument wherby I worke their woe,

Venus. What if their frends abound then can they neuer lacke?

Fortune. The derest frends are scattered when Fortune turns her (toe.

Venus. If they be noble borne or of a Princely blod:

Fortune. When Fortune frownes, that may procure more harme
then do them good.

Venus. But wise men euermore vpon a Rocke are set:

Fortune. Yet can they not escape a scourge for Fortune hath a net.

Iupiter. I will not in till things be well discernde,
Affection shall not marre a lawfull cause:
By examples this may best be learnde,
In elder ages led within your lawes.
therfore a while heerof I meane to pause.
And bring in Mercury in open view,
the Ghosts of them that Loue and Fortune flue.

Mercury. Thy word my will.
thou triple headed Cerberus giue place,
And I commaund thee Caron with thy Ferry boate,

transporte

Transporte the soules of such as may reporte,
Fortune and Loue and not in open sorte.
Let them appeare to vs in silent showe,
to manifest a trueth that we must knowe.
Strike with his Rod three times

Are ye mad my Maisters, what a sturre haue we heere? Vulcan.
Lord haue mercy vpon vs must the deuill appeare.
Come away wife, when I pray thee come away,
Downe on your knees my Maisters and pray.

Musicke.

Enter the show of Troylus and Cressida.

Beholde how Troylus and Cressida, Mercury.
Cryes out on Loue that framed their decay. (come,
That was like the olde wife when her Ale would not Vulcan.
thrust a fire brand in the groute and scratcht her bum.
Musicke.

Enter the shew of Alexander.

Alexander the great that all the world subdude, Mercury.
Curseth fell Fortune that did him delude. (me,
Tis an honest grim sire at his first comming out beleeue Vulcan.
And ye had stood in the winde ye might haue smelt me.
Musicke.

Enter the show of Queene Dydo.

Queene Dydo that Aeneas could not moue, Mercury.
Stabbed her selfe and yelded vnto loue.
The more fole she and she were my owne brother, Vulcan.
If my wife would not loue me must not I loue an other?
Musicke.

Enter the ſhewe of Pompey and Cæſar.

Mercury. Pompey and Cæſar, the wonders of their time,
By froward Fortune ſpoyled in their prime. (content,
Vulcan. They were ſerued well enough, why could not they be
with a Roche and a red Herring in the holy time of Lent.
Muſicke.

Enter the ſhowe of Leander and Hero.

Mercury. Leander preſentes them very lothe:
that felte the force of loue and fortune both.
Fortune. Upon him I my ſoueraintie did ſhowe,
Venus. And thinke you dame my power ſhe did not knowe.
Fortune. But it was I that daſhed their delight,
Venus. After that I had proued my open might.
Vulcan. What a ſcolding is heere ſhall it euen thus be?
You loke like an honeſt man in the Parriſhe, I pray you
make them agree.
Iupiter. Content ye both I'le heare no more of this,
and Mercury ſurceaſe call out no more:
I haue bethought me how to worke their wiſhe,
as you haue often prou'd it hertofore.
Heere in this land within that Princely bower,
there is a Prince beloued of his loue:
On whom I meane your ſoueraintie to proue.
Uenus, for that thy loue thy ſweet delight,
thou ſhalt endure to encreaſe their ioy:
and Fortune thou to manifeſt thy might,
their pleaſures and their paſtimes thou ſhalt deſtroye.
Ouerthwarting them with newes of freſhe anoye.
And ſhe that moſt can pleaſe them or diſpight,
I will confirme to be of greateſt might.
Venus. Your Godhead hath deuiſde as I deſire,
and I am gladly therwithall content:
Fortune. And I am preſt to do as you require.

Now

Now shall you se the proofe of my entent.
Take vp your places heere to worke your will,
When you haue don the rest I shall fulfill.
They are set a sunning like a Crow in a gutter. what are they gone? Vulcan.
And you will be quiet sirs, they will make ye good sport with their scolding anon.
Are not these a sorte of good mannerly Gods to get them thus away:
I must take the paines to ouertake them for I se they will not stay.

Exit omnes.

The ende of the firste Acte.

The second Acte.

Enter Hermione and Fidelia.

Why then my deere what is the greatest price in loue? Hermione.
Absence of others greefs, the gretest ỹ louing harts cã proue. Fidelia.
But absence can not minishe loue or make it lesse in ought: Hermione.
Yet neuertheleste it leaues a doubt within ỹ others thought Fidelia.
And what is that? Hermione.
Least change of ayre should change the absent minde, Fidelia.
That fault is proper but to thẽ whom ielo usy makes blinde. Hermione.
O pardon it, for that the cause from whence it springes is (such, Fidelia.
From whence is that? Hermione.
My mother sayes from louing ouer much. Fidelia.
Your author I will not admit, that restes as it to proue, Hermione.
But sure is it that ielousie, procedes of feruent loue. Fidelia.
Can that be feruent loue wherin suspition leads the minde, Hermione.
Most feruēt loue wher so much loue doth make ỹ fancy blind Fidelia.
But faithfull loue can neuer be wherin suspect doth dwell, Hermione.
The faithfull louers do suspect because they loue so well. Fidelia.
My deere Fidelia, as I thinke thy loue is such to me, Hermione.

So feruent, faithfull and vnstain'd, as purer none can be:
Admit occasions fall out then, that I must parte from thē.
tell me wilt thou meane space suspect inconstancie in me.

Fidelia. If so I do impute it to the force of louers lawes,
that oftentimes are toucht with feare, wheras there is no cause.

Armenio listning.

Armenio, What haue I heard? what do mine eyes beholde:
Dishonour to the house from whence I came:
Vnshamefast girle, forgetfull, all to bolde,
and thou false traitour author of the same.
Sufferest not for guerdon of thy due,
the King my Fathers gratious countenance:
But must thou clime vngratefull and vntrue,
these steps, at firste thine honour to aduance.
Hath Fortune promiste so much hope at firste,
to make thy conquest of a Princes childe:
And should I stand to question how thou durst,
to leaue to thinke she might be so beguilde.
But words may not suffice to wreak this wrong,
Hid vnder cloake of ouer handy loue:
thou vpstart fondling and forborne to long,
to giue such cause thy Princes ire to moue.

Fidelia. Nay nay good brothertake it not so whot,
the fault is mine, and I will beare the blame:
And to returne you an answer well I wot,
How to defend the honour of my name.
But for my loue I am resolued in this,
How euer you account of his defaultes.
with vowed affection wholy to be his.
As one in whome I spye more speciall partes,
then fall in fondlings of the baser kindes:
to haue a word not squaring with the place.
But measure men by their vnstained mindes.

Let

Let fortune be to vertue no disgrace,
For fortune when and where it likes her maiestie:
With cloudes can couer birth and highest degree.
What Dame, and are you shameles in your shame? Armenio.
No Mistresse, no, it will not so be let past:
But wilfull Wench this new attempted game,
Care it be wun will aske another cast.
And Lady, cloake his vertues as you will,
Yet le be but as I saide, a fondling still.
Earst had I thought my Lord a man so wise as you, Hermione.
Sonne to a Prince, Scholer to him that depth of learning knewe.
Among many lessons, none this rule could wisely finde,
to haue the gouernement of wrath & rancor of your minde.
What lye offence is giuen vnto your fathers grace:
I take it nothing needfull her to reason of the case.
But stand he lesse content, or pleased here withall, (small.
My Lord, that thus you should mislike the cause is very
The vnremoued loue I beare my Lady here, (deare.
Whose countenance my comfort is: that holdes my loue as
Commaunds me to disgest such hard and bitter words,
as not with credit of your state, your honor her affords.
Else Prince perswade thy selfe: my minde were not so base,
to pocket, but for such respectes so hard and foule disgrace.
And this Lady Hermione for ought that men do know,
By birth may be as nobly borne, as prince Armenio.
Traitour thru shalt not ioy that proud comparison, Armenio.
My good Hermione, come hence let him alone. Fidelia.
Nay Dame it likes me not that you should goe, (no. Armenio.
Whether thou wilt Armenio she shall, though thou say Hermione.
What shall she villaine: Armenio.
Helpe, helpe alas. Fidelia.

Enter Phizanties, a Lord, and Penulo.

What sturre is here: what meanes this broyle begun? Phyzan.

Giue me to know the occasion of this strife,
How falles it out? Armenio my Sonne
Hath wound receiu'd by stroke of naked knife,
Say to me straight: what one hath done this deed:
His blowes are big that makes a Prince to bleed.

Fidelia. My soueraigne father, pardon his offence,
whose greefe of minde is greater then his wound:
My rightfull quarrell yeldes me safe defence,
and heere they stand that giltie must be found.

Armenio, Traytor (O king) vnto your Maiesty.
Whose proud attempt doth touch your grace so neere:
as what may be the greatest villanye,
Vpon recitall shall be opened heere.
My sister and your farre vnworthy childe,
Forgetting loue and feare of Gods and thee:
and honor of her name is thus beguilde.
To loue this Gentleman whom heere you see.
Hermione whom for a Jewell of some price,
Olde Hermet giue your highnesse long agoe:
and for I gaue rebuke to your deuise,
In gallant thought he would not take it so.
But as it seemes to do my body good,
I thanke him dainde him self to let me blood.

Phyzan. Hermione? and hast thou done this deed?
and couldst thou shrine such treason in thy thought?
Armenio iest not with thy hurt take heed,
and thou fond girle whose stained blood hath wrought,
How hath mine age and honor been abused?
My princely care Hermione of thee?
the fault so great it cannot be excused.
and you inforst the shame therof to see.
But farre we feare some farther ill may fall:
through loue and hate of one and of the other:
Her foolishe loue I meane, and therwithall
The hot disdaine and stomacke of her brother,
Hermione, way what our pleasure is.

Whilome

Whilome thou knowest we entertaine thée willingly:
Now séeing thou hast don so farre amisse,
to reach aboue thy reach vnorderly.
In milder wordes because we loue thée well,
Loe, we discharge thee of our princely Court:
thou maist no longer with Fidelia dwell,
Forbidden to her presence to resorte.
Holde my rewarde, that am no bitter Iudge,
and wend thy way where ere thou likest to goe:
this only way I take to ende the grudge,
and stop the loue that eache to other owe.
Among such haps as might my minde content,
Whereof the gratious Gods haue giuen me store:
I count this one if thus I might preuent,
the farthest outrage of this swelling sore.
Alas, now haue I liued too long I see. Hermione.
Confounded so to yéld to fortunes will:
My soueraigne Prince offended thus with me,
and I adiudg'd to death though liuing still.
Ah my good Lord whom I haue honoured long,
long may your highnesse ioy this highest place:
thy selfe the rote and cause of mine owne wrong,
But must I leaue to viewe my Ladies face?
And banisht from my Princes royall Court,
to wander as earst the vnhappy Oedipus:
Whose paine my foes will make their chéefest sporte,
My most vnhappy chaunce will haue it thus.
No force forsoth, vnpitied might he dye, Armenio.
that to his soueraigne meanes such villanye.
Such villany? who euer ment more good? Hermione.
The venome of thy villany withstood. Armenio.
Armenio, I forbeare thée héere for reuerence, Hermione.
Yet by my Princes leaue in my defence.
I may alleadge I lou'd thy sister héere,
which loue though I am like to buye full déere.
Yet is her loue more precious then the price:

But

But since hard happ preuents our late deuice.
Long liue my Lord, long liue my Ladies grace,
God send them frends as loyall in my place.
And trust me then their fortune shalbe such,
as not thy loue shall euer proue so much.

Phyzan. Hermione, giue me thy hand, adewe,
thinke this is don to auoide a further ill,
and double mischeife that might else insue,
For my sake cease to loue Fidelia still.
Vnequall loue is enemie to rest,
She is too yong to loue thee as she should:
and thou Hermione canst conceiue the rest,
My meaning is she loues not as we would.
time may afford to bothe your hartes desires:
New choice to cole these newly kindled fiers.

Fidelia. Neuer alas, neuer will be the day,
that I shall leaue to loue Hermione:
Sooner shall natures course quite altered be,
then I shall leaue deere Knight to honor thee.
God Father let him stay, who if he parte,
Gainst law is like to steale away my hart.

Armenio. May it please your grace to kepe the body heere,
It's like enough the hart will honor neere.

Hermione. My Lord, laugh not oppressed soules to scorne,
Losers they say may easily be forborne.

Phyzan. Forbeare these words and thou Fidelia,
these misbeseeming foolishe passions stay.
Let it suffise that thou shalt liue in Courte,
Where if among the iolly brauerie resorte.
Of sundry knightes of noble personage,
Worthy thy loue for giftes and parentage.
thou shalt espye some such as we do like,
Our fauours shall not be to farre to seeke.

Fidelia. Ah my Hermione.

Hermione. Sweet Lady mine farwell.
Farwell the curteouſt Dame that on the earth doth dwell.

Exit.

Sir

Sir now you are packing let me know your walke: Armenio.
For I haue that may not be paſt without ſome talke.
Nor ſtands it with mine honour to let thee beare it cleere:
But I will make thee know Armenios blod is deare.
My Lord, I make no chalenge with offence, Hermione.
But firſt I will prepare for my defence.
So ſir, you are aforehand, keepe you ſo: Armenio.
and recken of Armenio for thy vowed foe.
Goe wend thy wayes, obſcurer then the night:
and Fortune for reuenge plague thee with ſpite.

Exit.

Farwell my cruell foe, not thou, nor Fortune may, Hermione.
ad more vnto thy miſeries that I haue felt to day.
Nor but by ſafe reſorde vnto this happy place,
Can Gods or Fortune make amends in this diſtreſſed caſe.
Then ceaſe Hermione to vtter ſpeach of this,
Words not ſuffiſe this endleſſe woe, but death I wiſſe.
and part thou from the place a dead and liueleſſe man,
Robd of thy ſences and thy ioy, ſince firſt this ſtur began.
Ah my good Lord, my good Lord Hermione. Penulo.
I am indeed as thou doſt ſay Hermione. Hermione.
For that I am Hermione, I am
the vnhappieſt wight that euer hether came.
Ah my good Lord, would Gods poore Penulo, Penulo.
Might any way but mitigate this woe.
and pleaſeth it your honour to commaund,
My ſeruice or the helpe of head or hand.
Penulo my worthy Lord would proue as iuſt,
as he whom beſt your honour likes to truſt.
Say what it is wherin my ſecreſie,
May ayde your Lordſhip in this extremetie.
Penulo, ſince thou ſo frendly here doſt proffer me, Hermione.
the vttermoſt of ayde that lyes in thee,
I do remember that which brought to paſſe,
Would make me halfe ſo happie as I was.

Penulo. Say it my Lord, and constantly I vow it:
It shall goe hard but Penulo will do it.

Hermione. Gramercy gentle friend: then thus it is,
The Lady of my life Fidelia is.
Of whome I am, I knowe belou'd no lesse,
then she of me my gratious mistresse.
Seuerde by Fortune and our cruell foe,
My Lord her brother Prince Armenio.
Now couldst thou Penulo thy selfe behaue,
On trust to bring my Lady to the caue.
Where whilome louers we were wont to mete,
in secret sorte eche other for to greete.
She wots it well and euery corner knowes,
and euery vncouth step that thether goes.
For what is not sharpe sighted louers see,
this is the summe of my desire to thee.
Accomplishe this, and this in silence don,
My happinesse wilbe againe begun.

Penulo. My Lord I see wherunto this talke doth tend,
I haue this lesson at my fingers end.
No more a doe: betake you to your flight,
wee'le make a plaister for the sore eare night.
But such a one as if it be applied,
Shall do more greefe then ease when it is tried.

Hermione. Penulo I yeeld my life into thy handes,

Penulo. Ye, do sir, as now the matter standes.

Hermione. Holde Penulo and I will loke for thee.

Penulo. You will not loke for them that come with me.

Hermione. I will be gone and liue to see my deere.
Exit.

Penulo. Do so sir and perchaunce be neuer the neere.
This is a step that strike we vse to clime,
We that forsoth take holde on euery time:
Men of all howers, whose credit such as spites,
in heate forsoth hath calde vs Parasites.

But

But let them ſpite and we will bite as faſt,
But Penulo thou ſpendeſt wordes in waſte.
A ſole Hermione, that for hurting thee,
One ſlender truſt will giue a knaue his fée.

Exit.

Strike vp Fortunes triumphes with Drummes and Trumpets.

Fortune.

Beholde what Fortune if ſhe liſt can do,
High maſtris of the rowling whæle of chaunce:
to ouerturne and who can do therto,
Or gratiouſly when pleaſe her to aduance.
Loe Lordinges this is Fortunes Imperie,
as in her pleaſure to be changing ſtill:
Wherin conſiſteth Fortunes ſouraintie,
that Fortune can on earth do what ſhe will.
When men haue builded on the ſureſt grounds,
their ſtrong deuiſes Fortunes power confoundes.

Venus.

Not all in haſte you do not ſo intend,
You haue begun but I muſt make an end.

The thirde Acte.

Enter *Bomelio* ſolus like an Hermite.

Bomelio.

He that hath loſt his hope and yet deſires to liue,
He that is ouerwhelmde with woe, and yet would counſell (giue,
He that delightes to ſigh to walke abroad alone,
to driue away the weary time with his lamenting mone.
He that in his diſtreſſe diſpaireth or releaſe,
Let him begin to tell his tale to rip vp all his greéfe.

And if that wretched man can more then I recite,
Of fickle Fortunes froward cheeke and her continuall spite.
Of her vnconstant change, of her discurtesie,
I will be partner with that man to liue in miserie.
When first my flowring yeres began to bud their prime,
Euen in the Aprill of mine age, and May month of my time
When like the tender Kid new weaned from the teat:
In euery pleasant springing Mead, I tok my choice of meat.
When simple youth deuis'd to lengthen his delight:
Euen then not dreaming I on her, she poured out her spite.
Euen then she toke her Beye, and turned all her stringes,
to sing my woe, like Lodinges now my tragedie begins.
Beholde me wretched man that seru'd his Prince w̄ paine,
that in the honor of his praise estœmde my greatest gaine.
Beholde me wretched man that for his publike weale,
Refused not with thousand foes, in bloody warres to deale.
Beholde me wretched man, whose trauell paine and toyle:
was euer prest to saue my frends from force of forrain spoile.
And se my iust reward, loke on my recompence: (thence.
Beholde by this for labours past, what guerdon commeth
Not by my fearcest foes in doubtfull fight with vs,
But by my fawning frendes, I was confounded thus.
One word of his dispite in question calde my name,
two wordes of his vntrusty tung brought me to open shame
Then was I banished the Citie, Court and towne:
then euery hand that held me vp, began to pull me downe.
O that the righteous Gods should euer graunt the power,
that smoothest sandes and grœnest bogs, should soonest me
Yet that I might discry the better their deuise, (deuoure.
Hier haue I liu'd almost fiue yeres disguisde in secret wise.
And now sonewhat it is but what I cannot tell, (sell.
prouokes me forward more thē wont to leaue my darksome
And in my crooked age in stead of mirth and ioy,
with broken sighes in dolefull tunes to sing of mine annoy.

Song.

Goe walke the path of plaint, goe wander wretched now,

In

In vncouth waies, blind corners fit for such a wretch as thou.
there fæde vpon thy woe, fresh thoughts shalbe thy fare,
Musing shalbe thy waiting maide, thy carues shalbe care.
thy dainty dishe shalbe of fretting melancholie,
and broken sobs with hollow sighes thy sauery sauce shalbe.
But further ere I walke my seruant I will send,
Into the towne to buy such thinges as now he can intend.
What Lentulo. Lentulo within.
Anon forsooth. Lentulo.
What Lentulo come forth. *Bomelio.*
Anon forsooth. Lentulo.
Why when I say. *Bomelio.*
Anon forsooth. Lentulo.
You naughty loute, come out sir knaue, come away. *Bomelio.*
Will you not giue one leaue to pull down his points, what and a should his breeches bezay? Lentulo.
Get you to the market and buy such thinges as nædfull are for vs. *Bomelio.*
Such things as nædfull are for vs, & what are those I pray? Lentulo.
First there is needfull for vs a pot of porredg. for I had none this many a day:
And then there are nædfull for vs a featherbed, for I lye on a bottle of haye.
And then there is most nædfull for vs a prittie proper wench for and to laugh and play.
Goe buy vs some victuailes and hye thee home. *Bomelio.*
Exit.

Now farwell Maister mine good gentle master mome. Lentulo.
Haue you sæne such a logger headded fole to say,
Goe goe, good Lentulo, to buy my victuailes so, and giue me monie no.
But for the names sake, swoundes I were as good serue a maister of clowtes:
Hee'le do nothing all day long but sit on his arse, as my mother did when she made powtes.

And then a lokes a this faſhion, and thus and thus againe,
and then what dw ye?
By my troth I ſtand euen thus at him and laugh at his ſim-
pliſmitie.
Hath the beſt manners in the wo2ld to bid a man fall to his
(meat,
And then I ſay, I thank you fo2ſoth maiſter and I could
tell what to eate.
Wl& two, loke you thats I and he, can lye a bed a whole
night and a day:
And we eate and we had it, it battons a man loke on my
ch&kes els, are they not falne away?
Well, I muſt togge to the towne, and Ile tell you what
ſhift I make there:
Mary ye ſhall p2omiſe me not to ſteale it away.
When I come to a rich mans gate, I make a low legge and
then I knocke there.
And then I begin to cry in at the Key hole, that I may be
ſure they ſhall heare.
God ſaue my g&d maiſter and my g&d miſtreſſe, a p&2e boy
a p&ce of b2ead and meate fo2 Gods ſake.

Enter Penulo.

Penulo. Heigh merely tricke, am I not a knaue fo2 the nonce,
That can diſpatch two arrandes at once?
I haue both tolde her euen as I ſhould dw,
And tolde my yong maiſter to m&te with him tw.
Now he like a Gentleman fo2 the vallour of his minde,
Hath ſwo2ne by his honour not to ſtay long behinde.
The deſire of reuenge p2icketh him fo2ward ſo,
That I am ſure h&le not let but to goe.
And that with all haſte poſſible he may:
Then tantara tara we ſhall haue g&d play.
I like ſuch a knaue ſo can tickle them all,
To ſet noble men at b2abble and b2aule.

Lentulo. Saue you ſir yong maiſter and you be a gentleman,
Yo2ſon

Horeſon peſant ſeeſt thou not what I am? Penulo.
Troth ſir I ſee you haue a good dublet and a paire of hoſe Lentulo.
But now a dayes there is ſo many goes
So like Gentlemen, that ſuch a poore fellow as I,
Know not how a Gentleman from a knaue to ſpye.
Thou maiſt perceiue I am no ſuch companion. Penulo.
I am a Gentleman, a Courtier, and a merry franke franion.
Then thou merry companion, thou horſon franke fra- Lentulo.
Why haſt thou abuſed the law: (nion,
What goodman ſkipiack, in faith with thwick thwack your
bones will I clawe.
Come about ſir knaue.
Cots my paſſion what a merry mate haue we heere? Penulo.
Giue me your hand ſir, faith I was bolde to bruſhe the Lentulo.
duſt out of your geere.
Pray ſir tell me, they ſay in the Cuntry tis a common guiſe
That Gentlemen now a daies cannot ſee with both eyes.
Its a lye knaue, I knowe few Gentlemen blinde: Penulo.
No ſir what will you lay and I can finde, Lentulo.
One with a wet finger that is ſtarke blinde.
It may be ſo, but I thinke thou canſt not. Penulo.
You will lay do wager on it. Lentulo.
What ſhould I lay, Penulo.
Thou haſt no monye I am ſure to pay.
No faith ſir, but Ile tell you what our wager ſhalbe, Lentulo
Becauſe I am not able to lay any monye. (heere
Ile lay three round rappes on the ribbes with my cudgell
Soft, let me loke firſt if there be no blinde man neere. Penulo.
Content I faith that bargaine ſhall ſtand: (hand.
Then ſir I muſt be ſo bolde as to ſearch your purſe out of Lentulo.
My purſe ſir, wherefore? Penulo.
By my troth ſir no more but to trie, Lentulo.
if you be not as blinde a Gentleman in the purſe as I.
I vſe not to carry my monye in a purſe, Penulo.
All in a pocket, well neuer a whit the worſe.
I muſt ſearch your pocket. Lentulo.

What

Penulo. What if it be els where?
Lentulo. Where soeuer it is I must seeke out this geere.
Ile not lose my wager that's certaine:
Very well sir will you put me to paine.
Penulo. Haue I neuer a weapon. Ile looke, I pray thee be content
Lentulo. You shall haue your wager sir as it was ment.
Penulo. Holde thy hands good fellow I'le do any thing for thee:
I perceiue a wise man of a fole ouertaken may be. (sittie,
Lentulo. Thou blinde Gentleman, vnlesse it be for my commodi-
Ile teach thee to be blinde and goe so brauely.
Penulo. Ile do any thing for thee if thou strike me no more,
Because I perceiue thou art almost as poore.
As my selfe am and yet there is somewhat in thee,
Ile preferre thee to a seruice in the Court presently.
Lentulo. Ha wilt thou do so?
Penulo. That I will.
Lentulo. Wilt thou do so indeed,
Sweare to me by thy ten commaundements in thy Creed.
Penulo. I do so.
Lentulo. Troth then we are freendes, say nothing I pray:
and you shall see me proue a rancke runaway.
Why when a man may be a Courtier and liue at ease,
Should a not leaue his olde maister to please.
Sirra blinde gentleman, we two blinde gentlemen, and do
as thou promiste heere,
Perchaunce I may be as good to thee as two pots of Beere.
Ile goe with thee I faith gaw lets be gone,
Penulo. Soft tarry a while I'le goe with thee anon.

Enter Armenio.

Armenio. How thinkest thou Penulo, am I not prouided now?
Lentulo. I warrant sir a shall haue a colde pull of you.
And a begin to make an other brall,
Armenio, Farewell when thou wilt, I trust I shall
Pxte with him: am I not almost at the tree,

that

That same is it sir. Penulo.
Sirra whats he? Lentulo.
What carst thou come gaw thou with me, Penulo.
Why I shall haue but an ill fauoured Courtier of yé.
Now for a runaway God send vs god chaunce, Lentulo.
Then maides at your mariage I meane me to daunce.
Exit.

Now serues the time to wreak me of my foe, Armenio.
My dastard foe that to dishonour me:
in priuie corners seekes to shame me so,
that my discredit might his credit be.
And hath my father from thy tender youth,
Vouchsafe to bring thée vp: did I therfore
Beléeue so earnestly thy periurde trueth,
aduauncing still thine honour euermore.
That not contented with a common wrack,
thou shouldst intend the ruine of vs all:
And when thou seem'st afraide to turne thy back,
to make a glory of our greater fall.
Before thou triumphe in thy trechery,
Before thou scape vntouched for thy sinne:
Let neuer fates nor Fortune fauour me,
But wretched let me liue and dye therin.
Fewe words shall serue, my déedes shall proue it now:
That ere I sleepe I meane to méete with you.

Enter Fidelia.

Beholde the shiftes that faithfull loue can make, Fidelia.
See what I dare aduenture for thy sake:
In case extreame make vertue of a néede,
But hence the griefe which maketh my hart to bléede.
My loue and life where euer that thou be,
I am in dole constrainde to followe thée.
Hence sprung the hell of my tormented minde,

The feare of some misfortune yet behinde.
If thou escape the perrill of distresse,
My feare and care is twenty times more lesse.
No reason tis that I should liue in ioy,
When thou art wrapt in fetters of annoy.
Nor to that end I sware to be thy wife,
To liue in peace with thée and state of life.
But as to dwell at ease in pleasures lap,
Euen so to beare some parte of thy mishap.
And so to draw in equall portion still,
Of both our Fortunes either good or ill.
And sith the lots of our vnconstant fate,
Haue turnde our former blisse to wretched state.
I am content to tread the wofull daunce,
That soundes the measure of our hapelesse chaunce.
Ile waite thy comming, long thou wilt not stay,
Hye loue defend and kéepe thee in the way.

Enter Bomelio.

Bomelio. Now weary lay thée downe, thy fortune to fulfill,
Goe yéld thee captiue to thy care to saue thy life or spill.
The pleasures of the feelde the prospect of delight,
The blooming trees, the chirping birdes are greeuous to thy sight.
The hollow craggy rocke the chriking Owle to sée,
To heare the noyse of serpentes hisse that is thy hermony.
For as vnto the sicke all pleasure is in vaine,
So mirth vnto the wounded minde, encreaseth but his paine.
But heauens what doo I sée? thou Nymphe or Lady faire,
Or else thou goddes of the groue, what makst thée to repaire.
To this vnhaunted place thy presence hoere vnfit,

Fidelia. Ancient father let it not offend thée any whit.
To finde me heere alone I am no Goddesse I,
But a mortall maide subiect to miserie.
And better that I might lament my heauy mone,

I ſecret came abroad to recreate my ſelfe a while alone.
Take comfort daughter mine for thou haſt found him thã *Bomelio.*
That is of others all that liue, the moſt accurſedſt man.
O, I haue heard it ſaide our ſorrowes are the leſſe,
If in our anguiſh we may finde a partner in diſtreſſe.
O father but my greefe relæued cannot be, Fidelia.
My hope is fled, my help in vaine, my hurt my death muſt be
Yet not the common death of life that heere is led:
But ſuch a death as euer killes, and yet is neuer dead.
Faire maide, I haue bẽ well acquainted with that fit, *Bomelio,*
Sometime inured with the like, I learne to comfort it.
Come reſt thee heere with me within this hollow caue.
There will I reckon vp at large the horrors that I haue.
I thank you father but I muſt nœds walk another way. Fidelia.
Nay gentle damſell be content a while with me to ſtay. Bomelio.
The longer that I ſtay with you, the greater is my greef. Fidelia.
The longer that you ſtay with me, the ſoner is relæfe. *Bomelio.*
I am prouided other waies, good father let me goe, Fidelia.
To him that offreth thee no wrong, be not vncurteous ſo. *Bomelio.*
Perhaps another time ile come and viſit thee, (be. Fidelia.
Both then & now if ſo you pleaſe you ſhall right welcome *Bomelio.*
Shall ſhe be welcome vnto thee olde wretch indeed, Armenio.
Ile welcome both of you come maid away with ſpeed.
O brother: Fidelia.
Brother peace. Armenio,
God father helpe me now. Fidelia.
Haue I no weapons wretch that I am: well youth, Ile Bomelio.
meete with you.
Muſt you be gone? is this your meeting place? Armenio.
Come get you home and pack you ſir apace.
Weart not for reuerence of thine age I ſweare,
Thou ſhouldſt accurſe the time I met thee heere.
But I faith ſiſter my Father ſhall welcome you,
Goe tell thine arrand if thou canſt. *Bomelio.*
Hermione adewe. Fidelia
Ten times adewe, farwell for euer now.

Armenio. I thanke thée Fortune that thou didſt this déed alowe.

Exit.

Bomelio. Thou Heauen and Earth, and ye eternall lampes,
That reſtles kéepe his courſe in order due:
Thou Phœbo bright that ſcatereſt the damps,
Of darkſome night, I make my plaints to you.
And thou Alecto harken to my call,
Let fall a Serpent from thy Snakye haire:
Tiſiphone, be ſwift to plague them all,
That make a paſtime of my care and feare.
And thou O Ioue, that by thy great foreſight,
Ruleſt the earth, and raignſt aboue the Skies:
That wreakſt the wronges of them that maiſter right,
Againſt the wretches that thy name deſpiſe.
And Rodomantes, thou Judge of hatefull hell,
Where damned ghoſtes continuall moning make:
Send forth a fury that may further well,
the iuſt reuenge that héere I vndertake.
Hence forth accurſed be thou euermore,
Accurſed all thou tak'ſt in hand to dw:
The time, the day, accurſed be the howre,
the earth, the ayre, and all that long theretw.
Dole and diſpaire hencefwrth be thy delight,
Wrapped now in preſent, and in woes to come:
To waile the day and wéepe the weary night,
And from this time hencefwrth I ſtrike thée dumme.
Think'ſt thou I knew thée not, yes well I wis,
And that thy ſiſter daughter to my Prince:
Now brag abroad what thou haſt got by this,
So liue thou dumme, that be thy recompence.
And when thy ghoſt forſakes thy body quite:
Vengeance I wiſhe vpon thy ſoule to light.

Enter Hermione.

God

God euen god Father, pardon my rudenes héere: Hermione.
O ioy and gréefe I will dissemble yet my cheare. *Bomelio*,
God sir me thought I heard you speak of one right now Hermione,
Daughter vnto a Prince that made me bold to trouble you
I spake of such a one in déed. Bomelio.
Why do you knowe her name? Hermione.
Fidelia. Why do you aske? what do you know the same? *Bomelio*.
Yea father that I do, I know, and knew her well, (tell. Hermione.
But did you wish those plagues to light on her I pray you
On her the Gods forbid, but on that wretched wight, *Bomelio*.
Her brother that from hence right now perforce conuayde
her quite.
Alas what do I heare, god father tell me true. Hermione.
Hath she béene héere?
She was. *Bomelio*.
She was? Hermione.
Where is she now?
Gone back againe. *Bomelio*.
Gone back: with whome? Hermione.
Her brother. *Bomelio*.
Her brother: how? Hermione.
The secret watched héere, and when she should haue staide Bomelio.
A while with me, he rushed out, and her from hence conuaid.
Confounded in my gréefe and can it suffred be? Hermione.
And shall he make a brag at home of his dispite to me?
First let me dye a thousand deaths, draw, runne and méete
with him, (win.
Tarry my Sonne it is in vaine they are not at home I Bomelio.
Let him alone, he wil not make great reckning of his gaine,
Wretch that thou art for lingering euerlasting shalbe thy Hermione.
paine.
Continuall thy complaint, ay during still thy woe: (knowe.
Why madst thou not more haste to come and first of all to
Content thy self my sonne, torment not so thy minde: *Bomelio*.
Allwage the sorrowes of thy hart in hope some help to finde.
Some helpe, O Father, no all helpe comes to late, Hermione.

I am the only man aliue the most vnfortunate.
I see thy loyaltie, I see thy faithfull loue,
Els neuer durst thou this attempte aduentured to proue.

Bomelio. Take comfort therby my sonne.

Hermione. I am the man I say,
That loue and Fortune once aduaunst, but now haue cast away.
The ioy, the swéet delight, the rest I had before, (more.
Fell to my lot, that now the losse, my plague might be the
O Fortune froward dame, wilt thou be neuer sure,
Most constant in vnconstancie, I see thou wilt indure.

Bomelio. Accuse not Fortune sonne, but blame thy loue therfore,
For I perceiue thou art in loue, and thē thy trouble is more.

Hermione. Father if this be loue to lead a life in thrall,
To think the rankest poyson swéet to fæd on hunny gall.
To be at warre and peace, to be in ioy and grœfe,
then farthest from the hope of helpe, where nérest is relœfe,
To liue and dye, to frœse and sweat, to melt & not to moue,
if it be this to liue in loue, father I am in loue.

Bomelio. Why did you not possesse your Lady then at home,

Hermione. At home, where is it sir? alas for I haue none.
Brought vp I know not how, and borne I know not where,
when I was in my childehood giuen vnto my Prince then
Of whom I can not tell, wherfore I little know, (hœre.
But now cast out to sœke my fate vnhappy where I goe.
There dare I not be sœne, hœre must I not abide.
Did euer more calamities vnto a man betide:

Bomelio. My hart will burst if I forbeare amidst this misery,
Beholde thy father thou hast found my sonne Hermione.
Thy father thou hast found, thy father I am he,

Hermione. But is it possible my father you should be.

Bomelio. Euen from my first exile hére haue I liu'd forlorne,
And once I gaue thée to my prince, for thou was noble born,
And now he giues me thee, and welcome home againe,

Hermione. This is my recompence for all my former paine.
Deere father glad I am to finde you hére aliue,

By

By your example I may learne to froward chance to ſtriue.
Come ſonne, content thee now, within a caue to dwell, Pomelio.
I will prouide for thy reſt, and all thinges ſhalbe well.
A darkſome den muſt be thy lofty lodging now,
Father I am well content to take ſuch parte as you. Hermione.
Here is a breathing pit after hard miſchance,
O gratious Venus once vouchſafe thy ſeruants to aduance.

Strike vp a noiſe of Viols, Venus triumphe.

Beholde what loue can worke for their delight, Venus.
That put affiance in her Deitie:
Though heauen and earth againſt them bend their might,
Yet in the end theirs is the victorie.
I will in them and they triumphe in me,
Let Fortune frowne I will vpholde their ſtate,
Yea ſeeme they neuer ſo vnfortunate.
Brag not too much, what thinkſt thou I haue don? Fortune.
Nay ſoft not yet, my ſport is not begun.

Muſicke. Muſick.

The fourth Acte.

Enter Penulo and Lentulo.

Come away with thy baſket thou loggerheadded iacke, Penulo.
I thinke thy baſket be clouen to thy back.
My backe and my baſket, looke doſt thou not ſee, (me. Lentulo.
When my baſket is on my backe then my backe is vnder
And oh this baſket, wots thou wherefore I keepe it ſo cloſe,
For all the loue of my hart within this baſket goes.
Thy loue with a wannion: are you in loue ſir then with Penulo.
your leaue: (ceiue?
What an aſſe art thou, couldſt thou not all this time per- Lentulo.

That

That I neuer ſléep but when I am not awake,
And I eate and I eate till my belly would ake.
And I fall away like a gammon of Bacon,
Am I not in loue when I am in this taco:?
Calſt thou this the Court, would I had nere come thether,
to be caught in Cupido, I faint I faint, oh gather me gather
Penolo. Come vp and be hangde, alack poꝛe Lentulo,
Tell me with whome thou art in loue ſo.
Lentulo. You kill me and you make me tell her name, no no,
Oh terrible toꝛmentes that trounce in my toe.
Loue my Maiſters is a parlous matter, how it runnes out of my noſe,
Its now in my back, now in my belly, oh now in the bottome of my hoſe.
Penulo. The peſtilence there, what is ſhe my boy:
ile make her loue thee againe be ſhe neuer ſo coye.
Lentulo. Wilt thou ſo:oh Gods of loue that woꝛd pluckes vp my hart,
Ile tell thee ſirra euen as we two at ỳ Court gate did wait
Didſt thou not marke a godly Lady, oh Lady, Lady,
why ſhould not I as well as he, my deare Lady.
Didſt thou not ſée her come in with a golden locke,
She had a fine gown on her back and a paſſing nether ſtock.
Penulo. Well ſir pꝛoceéd, I remember her very well,
its the Dukes daughter the ſat meanes I can tell.
Lentulo. Now ſirra there was a little dappard aſſe with her that went befoꝛe,
When I ſaw him I came in ſneaking moꝛe and moꝛe.
To haue heard them talke, ah crocking on is god,
Foꝛ when he had talkt a while I had a come in, with I foꝛſooth no foꝛſooth that I woꝛd.
And ſhe would haue lokte vpon me then moꝛe quaintaunce we ſhould haue:
Penulo. An excellent deuiſe, ah ſirra you are an excellent knaue.
Lentulo. Tu autem tum autem, I haue it in me, but ſirra wots thou what now:
As god iuggle me when I came nére them I tell thée true:

The

The ſame ſquall did nothing but thus, I know whats what
And I ran before him and did thus to.
A pox on you what ment you by that? Penulo.
What meane I, mary ſir he ment to giue her a box on Lentulo.
the eare if ſhe ſpake to me, (ſæ.
And I ment to giue him another box on the eare ſir he ſhould
You ſhould haue beſtow'd it where you ment it then, Penulo.
Muſt you ſtrike me and meane other men,
It was nothing fellowe but for ſamples ſake, Lentulo.
Well ſir I am content this once it to take. Penulo.
But ſirra, you muſt know that ſquall is the Dukes ſonne,
That now by miſchaunce is ſtroken ſtarke dum.
In fetching home his ſiſter that ran away from hence:
Is ſhe then a runaway oh paſſing wench. Lentulo.
I thought as much, now god Lord to ſæ,
That ſhe and I now a kin ſhould be.
Oh cuckally lucke, oh heauy chaunce ho:
I runaway, ſhe runaway, goe together goe.
But all the Court lamentes and ſore wæpes for it: Pennulo
All the Court thou lieſt ỹ Court gate wæpes not a whit. Lentulo.

Enter Bomelio like a counterfeite phiſition.

Bien veneu chi diue ve mi nou intendite ſigneur no. *Bomelio.*
I haue a pæce of woorke in hand now that all the world muſt
not know.
Cocks nownes the deuill a gods name whats he: Lentulo.
Some Spaniard or forraine ſtranger he ſæmes to be. Penulo.
Dio vou ſalui ſignore, e voutre gratio, p. uero mouchato. Bomelio.
I haue no pleaſure in thæ I pray thæ get thæ gon. Lentulo.
What would you ſir? Penulo.
Mounſieur, par ma foy am one haue de grand knowledg *Bomelio.*
in de ſkience of ſiſkicke,
Can make dem hole haue bæn all life ſicke.
Can make te ſeco ſæ, and te dum ſpeake:
Can make te lame goe and be neare ſo weake.

Penulo. Can you ſo ſir, what Cuntry man are you I pray?
Bomelio. Ye be Italiane neopolitane, ye come a Medice a toder daye,
Lentulo. And you can ſpeak any Pedlers French tell me what I ſay.
Bomelio. No point intende Signiora.
Lentulo. You are an Aſſe: I can ſpoſe him I,
Bomelio. Vounſieur, parle petite ye heard now hærby.
Deere be a nobell man dum, dat made me ſtay:
If me no helpe him me carry no head away.
Penulo. Will you venture your head to helpe him indæd:
Well ſir, Ile tell the Duke with all poſſible ſpæd.
Tarry me hære Ile returne by and by,
Excellent luck, it fals out happely.
Exit.

Lentulo. Will you venture your head ſirra blockhead you:
Bomelio. You be de aſſe head me can tell dats true.
Lentulo. Swoundes, oh but that I am in loue thou ſhouldſt know
What twere to moue my vengeance ſo.
Bomelio. Come heter ſirra, me ſpeak wit you, me can tell,
You are de runaway from your matter, ah very well.
Lentulo. You gods and deuils eke what do you meane to do,
Shall I be knowne a runaway, for and to ſhame me to,
I a runaway ſirra, goe with your vplandiſhe goe,
I am no runaway I would you ſhould know.
Bomelio. You no runaway from your mater in de wood,
When he ſend you to market ah no point good.
Lentulo. Oh furies fell, and hagges of hell, with all that therin be,
What do ye mean to ſhame me clean, & tell him thus of me.
Yeare you ſirra you are no deuill, mas and I wiſt you were,
I would lamback the deuill out of you for all your geare.
Bomelio. Diauolo, ah fie fie me no diauolo me very fury,
Letta me ſee your baſket what meat you buye.
Lentulo. Looke in my baſket, oh villen raſcall tarry, ſtay,
Hath opened it: out alas my loue is quite flowne away.
My loue is gone, my loue is gone out of the baſket there,
Prepare therfore to kil thy ſelf, farwell my frendes ſo dere.

Ah

Ah fatta you dō man. Bomelio.
Vplandiſhe hence away, Lentulo.
Fatta you dō man, no point your ſelfe to ſlay. Bomelio,
Come de be hanga.
Alas, oh my necke alas. (euer was. Lentulo.
Oh frying pan of my head vplandiſh now, cham wōrſe then
Adewe farwell, farwell my loue.
Your loue? if you be in loue den dō as I bid dō, Bomelio.
And you ſaue your loue away wit you tō.
Vplandiſh oh my frēnd if thou dō ſo for me, Lentulo.
Hold hēr my hand, thy fellow frēnd and partner will I be.
Goe you ten and getta me ſome fine fine fine coloſſe, Bomelio.
And wit te Marigole leaue all to mus your noſe.
Ah my noſe my noſe, oh God is my noſe in my hand, Lentulo.
Vplandiſh leaue your ſignes without thē I can vnderſtand.
And come a me heter wit a gold ring in your mouth fait. Bomelio.
Ce make de Lady goe wit you weter liſt at laſt.
O let me brace thy curſed corpes, oh now I liue againe, Lentulo
I will goe get apparell ſtraight, although be to my paine.
Tis th'apparell, a Marigole and a ring,
Noting els, and you tem bring. Bomelio.
Bring them, yes I warrant thē, ile bring thē by and by, Lentulo.
Now good man Venus lend thy hand, and lady Vulcan hye.

Exit.

A good beginning I am not yet diſcride, Bomelio.
They know not me but I know them tō well:
Diſguiſed thus their counſells may be tride,
And I may ſafe returne vnto my ſell.
Where I haue left my ſolitarye Sonne,
Twixt hope and feare in doubt and danger tō:
Till I returne to tell him what is dōn,
Which for his ſake I haue deuiſde to dō.
Eternall Gods that know my true intent,
And how vniuſtly wronged I haue bēn:
Vouchſafe all ſecret dangers to preuent,

And further me as yet you do begin,
Suffiseth you my trauell heretofore,
My hunger, colde, and all my former paine,
Heere make an end and plague me now no more.
Contented then, at rest I will remaine:
But harke some comes dissemble then againe.

Enter the Duke, his Sonne, and Penulo.

Penulo. My Lord yon is the man whom I haue tolde to you.
Duke. My frend I am infourm'd that by thy worthy skill,
In Phisick thou art able to recouer at thy will.
The strangest cures that be: if this be true indeed,
As graunt the Gods it may, I pray thee then with speed.
Prouide for our release, recouer this my sonne:
Unto his speech, whom heere thou seest before vs to be dum.
Bomelio. You no take care vor dat me nobell Prence,
We make him speak againe, or me nere come hence.
Duke. Thrice welcome thē to vs dispatch it out of hand, (land.
And thou shalt bleese the time that ere thou cam'st vnto our
Bomelio. Letta me see him, you heare me:
Ah dat vel turne heter, no like it truely.
Penulo. By the masse this Phisick is an excellent arte,
It pickes such a deale of golde out of euery parte.
Bomelio. Well well, me now see vat dis matter meane,
Nobell Prence dis ting be done by Maghick cleane.
Tis true dat me tell, me perceiue it plaine,
No naturall pediment, but cunsherung certaine.
Duke. Oh dubble trebble woe, my sonne how commeth this?
He saith by Magick it is wrought, vnnaturall it is.
Dost thou remember ought that so it should appeere?
Or canst thou any reason make it should be true we heare?
What meanes he by these signes, can any one expresse,
Penulo. If you giue me leaue sir to say as I gesse.
Me thinkes he should meane there was some olde man,
That threatned to be reuenged on him than.

Tis

Tis ſo you may ſee, he confirmes it againe:
Condemned be that man to euerlaſting paine. Duke.
Perpetuall his annoy, continuall his vnreſt:
O that I had him here to plague as I thought beſt.
But learned ſir, is there no way is there no remedy:
Can there be found out no deuiſe, the Charme to mollefie.
Good ſir, if any thing what euer that it be:
Let ſpare no coſt, my will is ſuch I will allowe it thee.
Indeed and by my trot, dar is othing. *Bomelio.*
But me am vera lote de ſame to bring.
Bit wit out dat me am ſeawer me tell,
Pour ſonne againe be neuer more well.
God father tell it me, what euer ſhould befall, Duke.
Mine be the danger, mine the loſſe, you ſhalbe pleaſed for al.
In any caſe expreſſe it then.
Fat then me will. *Bomelio.*
If you no haue your ſonne be ſo dum ſtill,
You muſſe getta de grand enemy dat he now haue,
and in de tendereſt part his deereſt blood craue.
Der wit muſſe you waſh his tung a ſtring,
Noting but dat will his ſpeach bring.
The deereſt blood in the tendereſt parte, Duke.
Of his great enemy, oh greefe to my hart.
Will nothing elſe cure his diſeaſe,
Noting by my trot but do as you pleaſe. (poſe, *Bomelio.*
Thy ſonne, my wretched ſonne, and whom doſt thou ſup- Duke.
Thy greateſt enemy amongſt thy Fathers foes.
It is Hermione, tis he and none but he:
He hath now prou'd him ſelfe indeed thy greateſt enemie.
Where liues the wretch that he were tane and we reuenged
And muſt his deereſt blood in his tendereſt parte, (be. Penulo.
Helpe him to his ſpeech, thats an excellent arte.
But what parte is that my maiſters now about a man,
That is the tendereſt, geſſe it and ye can.
I can tell what parte a woman thinkes tendereſt to be,
and there is deere blood in it, but benedicitie.

And do you think ſir there is none but he,
That can be thought his greateſt enemie?
I haue heard it ſaide there is no hate,
Like to a brother or a ſiſters if they fall at debate.
I will not ſay but you may think it as well as I,
If you marke ſince her comming home his ſiſters crueltie.
And the continuall rancor ſhe beareth vnto him:

Bomelio. Is ten maide his ſiſter, be God den he ſay tim.
Bin mine fat and trot ſer, tis true dat he ſay,
His ſiſter be his greateſt enemy to day.

Duke. And muſt I kill my daughter to help my ſonne to ſpéeche,
Ile neuer do it.

Penulo. See how a doth beſeech.
I would all our beggers were of his qualitie,
They ſhould not braul with a man then ſo for his monye.

Bomelio. You kill your Daughter üe no point ſuo,
Her déereſt blood in tendereſt part me will ſhowe.
Tis in her pappes, her dugges vor der be de tendereſt parte,
And de blod de déereſt, it comes from de hart.
So ſhe be prickt a little vnder de breſt,
And wash his tunga he ſpeak wit de beſt.

Duke. This thing is ſomwhat eaſier if ſhe conſent therto,
If not, I can inforce and make her it to do.
Penulo, diſpatch, and to my Marſhall beare,
This Sinet for a token, that he ſend her to vs héere.

Penulo. I will my Lord.

Exit.

Duke. He that hath felt the zeale, the tender loue and care,
The feare the gréef that parents déer vnto their children bare
He may, and only hé conceiue mine inward woe,
Diſtracted thus twirte two extreames that hale me to & fro,
Sometime miſtruſting that, and then miſliking this:
Haue parents ſuch a cauſe of ioy, or is it ſuch a bliſſe.
To ſée the offspring of their féed in health before them now,
O little know they what miſhap awaites the death for you.

But

But ſonne, my deereſt ſonne, recomfort thou thy minde,
Fight againſt fortune and thy fates, when they be moſt vn-
And ſince I vnderſtand what may recouer thee, (kinde,
Make ſure account of it: my ſelfe will do it preſently.
But ſir, I pray you leaſt my daughter ſhould by feare,
Or ſlight of it be ſore abaſht, be alwaies ready heere.
To ſtench her wound when you ſee good,
Awe awe ſhe loſe but a little blood. Bomelio.
Two or three ounces ſha be de very moſt.
Ponder ſhe come, is no ſhe?
The ſame is ſhe. Duke.

Enter Fidelia with Penulo.

Father, they ſay you ſent for me. Fidelia.
Yea daughter I did ſo. Duke.
And mark what I ſhall ſay to thee, the cauſe therof to ſhow.
Thou ſeeſt thy brother heere,
In name but not in kinde, Fidelia.
Well holde thy peace I ſay, and let me tell my minde. Duke.
Thy brother heere I ſay thou ſeeſt him ſtriken dumbe,
And as this learned man declares, by magick it is don.
But yet there is a way, one thing he telleth me,
that will reſtore him to his ſpeech, that reſteth inwardly.
Which though I might commaund, yet I intreat to know,
Be not ſo ſtubborne or vnkinde, thy furtherance to ſhowe.
Noble father you can not ſay, but hitherto I haue, Fidelia.
Bin moſt obedient to your will in all things that you craue.
But herin pardon me, if this I do deny,
I neuer can be made to graunt helpe to mine enemye.
My deadly enemy, worſe then my mortall foe,
And ſuch a one is he to me for I haue found him ſo.
That laboured euermore to croſſe me with deſpite,
But I am glad I may ſo well his curteſie requite.
A right woman, either loue like an Angell. Penulo
Or hate like a Deuill, in extreames ſo to dwell.

But

Duke. But daughter I commaund, and I thy Father tœ.
Fidelia. And I your daughter any thing that lawfull is to dœ.
Duke. Is it not right and lawfull both, to helpe thy brothers woe?
Fidelia. Its neither right nor lawfull sir to helpe my deadly foe.
Duke. If he haue bœne thy foe, he may become thy freend,
Fidelia. And when I ſee that come to paſſ, I may ſome ſuccour ſend.
Duke. But wherfore ſhouldſt thou be ſo cruell vnto him?
Fidelia. Becauſe vnto my dœreſt frœnd ſo ſpitefull he hath bœn.
Duke. Nay ſtubborne girle, but then I will conſtraine thœ I,
Lay holde on her my ſelfe will then ſith ſhe dœth it deny.
Fidelia. Aſſiſt me righteous Gods in this extreametie,
Bomelio. Ah pardona, pardona, pleaſe you let me a while wit her alone,
And me warrant me make her conſent to you anon.
Els me giue her a powder with a little drinke,
Wilh make her ſlœpe, and den when ſhe noting tinke.
Wit de ſharp rather me prick her by by,
And ſtop it againe and ſhe no fœle why.
Pleaſe you be gone and let vs tœ alone hœre:
We make her conſent you no point feare.
Duke, Dœ it Maiſter Doctor, and I am bound to you for aye,
Ungratious girle that dœſt deny thy Father to obay. (dœd.
Lok to her ſir and ſend me word when thou haſt dœn the
Bomelio. Awe awe, I fat I fat, me make her bleed.
Fidelia. O wretched girle what hope remaines behinde,
What comfort can recomfort now thy minde.
Forſaken thus of Father and of frœnd,
Why ſeek'ſt thou not to bring thy life to end.
Can greater woes befall vnto thy ſhare,
Come Gentleman diſpatch and dœ not ſpare.
If it be ſo his pleaſure and thy will,
I am content my dœreſt blœd to ſpill.
Deferre not then, holde take thine aymé at mé,
And ſtrike me through, for I deſire to dye.
Bomelio, The Heauens forbid, faire Mayden no not I:
I am thy frœnd, I am no enemye.

Feare

Feare not, ſtand vp it is only for thy ſake,
That I this toyle and trauell vndertake.
Thy loue my Sonne is at my caue with me,
Safe and in health long loking there for thée.
Truſt to my wordes faire maide for I am he,
That ouertoke thée in the wood laſt day:
And till thy comming Hermione I ſay.
Is in my caue.

What ioyfull wordes be theſe, Fidelia.
And is Hermione your ſonne, do then as you ſhall pleaſe.
Beholde me ready preſt to followe any way,
God father do not thus delude a ſimple maide I pray.
I truſt vnto your wordes, my life is in your power,
And till I ſée Hermione, each minute is an howre.

Daughter diſmay no whit but truſt to me, *Bomelio.*
What I haue ſaide perfourmed thou ſhalt ſée.
I haue diſſembled with thy Father héere,
The better that I might with thée conferre.
And ſince thou art ſo faithfull to thy loue,
As I may well repoꝛte I did thée proue.
Let vs be gon now cloſely as we may:

Yea my good Father euen when you will I pray. Fidelia.
Thrice bleſſed be the howre I met with you,
My Father now and Brother both adewe.
Vnkinde to her, moſt kinde that you ſhould be,
I leaue them alll my déere to come to thée.

Exeunt.

Enter Hermione ſolus, with bookes vnder his arme.

O Gods that déepeſt gréefes are felt in cloſeſt ſmart, Hermione.
That in the ſmiling countenance may lurk ỳ wounded hart.
I ſée the noble minde can counterfaite a bliſſe,
When ouerwhelmed with a care his ſoule perplexed is.
It is for daſtard knightes that ſtretch on feather beds:

Diſpairing in aduerſitie ſo lowe to hang their heads.
The better borne the more his magnanimitie:
The fearcer fight, the deeper wound, the more vndaunted he.
So I perceiue it now, I well perceiue it heere:
What I my ſelfe could not, I learne by thee my father deere.
He that in golden age, I meane his lucky youth, (ruth.
Was thought to ſpend in pleaſures lap, without regarde of
He that had loſt his time as brauely as the beſt:
Onely deuiſing how to make his ioyes ſurmount the reſt.
Not in that wanton youth, not in that pleſant mate:
Could fortune with her ſickleneſſe his wonted minde abate.
He rather challengeth to doo her very worſt,
And makes a ſemblance of delight, although indeede accurſt.
My father therupon deuiſed how he might, (diſpite.
Reuenge and wreak him ſelf on her, that wrought him ſuch
And therfore I perceiue he ſtrangely vſeth it,
Inchaunting and tranſformming that his fancy did not fit.
As I may ſee by theſe his vile blaſphemous Bookes,
My ſoule abhorres as often as mine eye vpon them lookes.
What gaine can counteruaile the danger that they bring,
For man to ſell his ſoule to ſinne, ill not a greeuous thing:
To captiuate his minde and all the giftes therin,
to that which is of others all the moſt vngratious ſinne.
Which ſo intangleth them that therunto apply:
As at the laſt forſaketh them in their extremety.
Such is this art, ſuch is the ſtudie of this ſkill,
this ſupernaturall deuiſe, this Magicke ſuch it will.
In ranſacking his Caue theſe Bookes I lighted on:
And with his leaue I le be ſo bolde whilſte he abroad is gon.
To burne them all: for beſt that ſerueth for this ſtuffe,
I doubt not but at his returne to pleaſe him well enough.
And Gentlemen I pray, and ſo deſire I ſhall,
You would abhor this ſtudy, for it wil confound you all.

Exit

Enter

Enter Lentulo with a Ring in his mouth, a Marigolde in his hand, and a faire ſhute of apparell on his backe: after he hath a while made ſome dum ſhew, Penulo commeth running in with two or three other.

Runne for the loue of God, ſearch villaines out of hand, Penulo.
Runne I ſay raſcalles, look about ye how do you ſtand.
The Dukes daughter is gone againe, and all the Court is in an vproare:
A pore on ſuch a Phiſition, he ſhall counſell her no more.
See you maiſter Penulo who is that yonder ſo braue, Seriant.
Cocks blood you villaine what do you here you ſlaue? Penulo.
Swoundes hath rob'd the Duke of a ſhute of apparell,
Why ſpeak you not ſirra? yea will you not tell?
Lay him on my maiſters, ſpare him not I ſay:
Speak you by ſignes: one of you pull the Ring away.
Cocks blood my finger, a bites me, a peſtilence there: Seriant.
What meane ye my maiſters, what meane ye here. Lentulo.
Haue you found your tung ſir, oh very well, Penulo.
I pray you ſir where had you this ſhute of apparell.
This parell, what and I ſtole it, whats that to thee? Lentulo.
Mary ſir no more but that hang'd you ſhall be. Penulo
Then all the world ſhall ſee there is ſomwhat in me, Lentulo.
When I am hang'd. O I ſhall ſwing luſtelye.
Yas I ſhall do him great credit that hanges me,
But if I may be hanged by an Atturnye,
I will deſire thee the place to ſupplie.
Yes marry will I for curteſie ſake, Penulo.
Come on your way ſir the paines I will take.
To bring you before the Duke that he may ſee,
What a proper man in his apparell you be.
Wilt thou faith, mas I thank thee hartely. Lentulo.
But I muſt talke a little with our vplandiſhe here,
And then Ile goe with thee faith any where.
Vplandiſh you raſcall, where is he now, Penulo.

Hées gone and stole away the Dukes daughter wt him too,
Lentulo. Oh my hart, what do you say?
Penulo. Mary that togeather they be both run away.
Lentulo Nay then haue after yee behinde Ile not stay,
Lentulo. What no such hatte with you sir I pray. (dead.
Lentulo. And is my Lady gone and fled, oh take me vp for I am
Farwell my Marigolde, oh villaine Caitife he,
By bones and stones, & all the Mones, I will auenged be.
Penulo. You shall be reuenged sir, that shall you presently,
Away away with him to the Duke by and by.
Lentulo. I can goe my selfe and you will let me alone:
Now as I walke alas I make to me my mone.
When I in prison strong poore soule shall line and dye:
Then will I make my louing song vpon mine own pigsnye.
Penulo. Away with him sirs why do ye tarry?
Lentulo. And thou wert in my case thou wouldst not be so hastye.
Exit.

Penulo. Fie vpon it what a sturre haue we heere?
Neuer was noble mans house in such feare.
Such hurring, such sturring, such running euery way:
Such howling, such crying, such accursing the day.
That euer the villaine could counterfaite so,
When we least thought of it away with her to goe.
But the world is so full of knauery now,
That we know not whom to trust I may say to you.
If my wife fall sicke as she may, ile make a condition,
She shall neuer take counsell of an vplandish Phisition.
Hang them knaues, but what a prating keepe I? (why,
When I should haue been seuen miles of mine arrand, for
I must goe set all the Cuntry vp in a watch,
If it be possible this Phisition to catch.

Enter Bomelio and Fidelia.

Stay daughter stay, forbeare thy posting haste,

thou

Thou nèdſt not feare, all perils now are paſt.
Thankes to the Gods that ſuch ſucceſſe they gaue,
Thus happely to bring vs to my caue.
Oh Father ſtill I feare miſhap behinde, Fidelia.
Suſpect is naturall vnto our kinde.
And perils that import a mans decay,
Can neuer be eſchewed too ſone they ſay.
Had I a ſight of mine Hermione,
I care not then what did become of me.
I will herin accompliſhe thy deſire, *Bomelio.*
So graunt the Gods the reſt that I require.
Hermione, Hermione, my Sonne I ſay,
Come forth and ſee thy frendes that for thée ſtay.

Enter Hermione.

Welcome my Father but ten times welcome thou, Hermione.
The conſtant Lady mine that liueth now.
And liues Hermione, liues my Hermione, Fidelia.
What can be added more to my felicitie.
Thy life my life, ſuch comfort doſt thou giue, Hermione.
Happy my life, becauſe I ſée thée liue. Fidelia.
Whilſte they recorde the ſwetneſſe of their bliſſe, *Bomelio.*
I will apply to further as they wiſh:
Their ſwèt delight by magickes cunning ſo,
that happy they ſhall liue in ſpite of foe.
How doubtfull are the lets of loyall loue, Hermione.
Great be the dangers that true louers proue.
But when the Sunne after a ſhower of raine,
Breakes through the Clowdes, and ſhoes his might againe.
More comfortable to his glory then,
Becauſe it was a while withheld of men.
Peace after warre is pleſanter we finde,
A ioy differd is ſwèter to the minde.
So I.
It hath bèn ſaide, that when Vliſſes was, Fidelia.

Ten yeres at Troy, and ten yeres more alas.
Wandering abroad as chaunce and fortune lead,
Penelope ſuppoſing him for dead.
But he prouiding ſtill for afterclaps,
When he had ſcapte a thouſand hard miſhaps,
It did him good to recken vp at laſt,
Vnto his wife his trauelles he had paſt.
And ſwætly then recording his diſtreſſe,
To make the more account of happines.
So I.

Hermione. When as the Turtle that hath found her mate,
Forgets her former woes and wretched ſtate.
Renewing now her drowping hart againe,
Becauſe her pleaſure ouercomes her paine.
The ſame of thy deſired ſight I make,
Whereon thy faith, thy hart and hand I take.

Fidelia. And ſo I ſweare to thée vnfeinedly,
To liue thine owne, and eke thine owne to dye.

Enter Bomelio.

Bomelio. Cogs blod villins, the deuil is in the bed ſtraw, wounds I haue bée robd, robd, robd, where be the théeues, my bokes bokes did I not leaue thée with my bokes, where are my bokes, my bokes, where be my bokes villin, arrant villen.

Hermione. O father my dœre father harke.

Bomelio. Father, my dœre father,
Soule giue me my Bokes, lets haue no more tarrying. the daye begins to be darke, it raines, it begins with tempeſtes, thunder and lightning, fire and brimſtone, and all my bokes are gone, and I cannot helpe my ſelfe, nor my frœndes, what a peſtilence who came there.

Hermione. Ile tell you father if you pleaſe to heare.

Bomelio. What canſt thou tel me, tel me of a turd, what and a come I coniure thée foule ſpirit down to hell, ho ho ho the deuil the deuil, a coms, a coms, a coms vpon me and I lack my bokes.

help,

help, help, help, lend me a ſword, a ſword, oh I am gone.
Alas how fell he to this madding mood, Fidelia.
The heauens and earth deny to do vs good. Hermione.
O father, my good father look on me. Fidelia.
What ment I not to ſhut vp the doore, and take the keies with me, and put the booke vnder the bed ſtraw, out you hore, a hore, a hore, gogs blood Ile diſſe you for a hore, I haue a cauſe to curſe hores as long as I liue, come awaye come away, giue me my bookes, my bookes giue me, giue me, giue. Bomelio.
Help, help me good Hermione. Fidelia.
Exit.
I come of woes of miſerie. Hermione.
Confounded in the top of my delight,
The Fates and Fortune thus againſt me fight. Exit.

Fortunes Triumph, ſound Trumpets, Drummes, Cornets and Gunnes.

Sée madam who can daſhe your brauery, Fortune.
Euen at the pitch of your felicitie.
When you aſſure that they ſhall ſtedfaſt ſtand,
Euen then my power I ſuddeinly can ſhowe,
Tranſpoſing it, as it had neuer béen ſo.
Hérin I triumph, hérin I delight,
Thus haue I manifeſted now my might.
Here Ladies learne to like of Venus lure,
And me loue long your pleaſures ſhall indure.
Now thou haſt don euen what thou canſt I ſée, Venus.
They ſhall be once againe releeu'd by me.
Muſicke. Muſick.

The fifth Acte.

Ye goddeſſes of this eternitie, Mercury.
To whom of right belonges each earthly thing

The

The King of Gods ſalutes ye both by me.
And I beſeech you marke the newes I bring.
My father Iupiter perceiuing well,
What hath heerin oft been don by each of you:
How ye ſtill indeuour to excell,
Maintaining that wheron the quarrell grewe.
That is the gouernment of this eſtate,
And vnto whome the ſoueraintye ſhall fall:
Heere therfore to conclude your long debate,
Leaſt your contention may be counted generall.
Deſires ye both, and ſo commaundes by me:
Ye ſtand to his concluſion of the cauſe:
How ſay you therfore will you now agrée,
that malice may no longer right delude.

Venus. Brother Mercury, as I haue neuer béen,
So obſtinate or bent ſo frowardly:
But that I could ſome time relent the ill,
A woman muſt a little haue her will.
So am I now reſolued for to do,
What ſo my Father ſhall intreate me to.

Fortune. And all the world by me perceiueth well,
Of courſe my fancy, my fauour and my ſkill.
And when my cauſe a little courſe hath had,
I am well pleaſed and no longer ſad.

Mercury. Then thus our Father Iupiter concludes,
To ſtay the ſtroake of your vnceaſing ſtrife:
As hæretofore betwixt theſe louers twaine,
Ye haue erpreſt your powers vpon their life.
So now he willes you to withholde your handes,
Enough ſuffiſeth to confirme your might:
And to conioyne ye both in frendly bandes,
Of faithfull loue wherin the Gods delight.
His pleaſure is, that Lady Venus you,
Shall be content neuer to hinder them:
To whome Dame Fortune ſhall for frendſhip ſhowe,
Of wretched to procure them happy men,

Ne ſhall you Fortune once preſume to take,
The credit of the honor in your hand:
If Lady Venus do them quite forſake,
You ſhall not ſeeme in her defence to ſtand.
But whome ſoeuer one of you preferre,
The other ſhall be ſubiect vnto her.
For thus hath Iupiter determined now,
I muſt and will ſubſcribe my will to you. Venus.
And I moſt gladly therof do allow. Fortune.
Whom Fortune fauours I will not diſpiſe, Venus.
Whom loue reiectes by me ſhall neuer riſe. Fortune.
To this concluſion do you both agree? Mercury.
For my parte. Venus.
And I moſt willingly. Fortune.
Then let your vnion be confirmed againe, Mercury.
By proper courſe eche one in his diſcent:
Ouer mortall men and worldly thinges to raine,
By enterchange as Iupiter hath ment.
And frendly Fortune let me intreate alone, Mercury.
Sith by your meanes theſe louers hindred were:
And now ye two are reconcilde in one,
You graunt the grace their honour vp to reare.
Sweet Mercury, I giue thee my conſent, Venus.
I will forthwith auaunce them to renowne:
And their deſtruction better to preuent,
They ſhall releeue them that did throw them downe.
And I my gracious fauour will beſtowe, Fortune.
Vpon them all according to deſarte:
And I will helpe his franſie ere I goe,
That Beadlom vp and down he replaies his parte. Mercury.

Enter Bomelio with Hermione, and Fidelia, with a Cope and Dagger.

Hots wounds ye here I am not for your diet, hang raſcal make a leg to me, by Cogs blod I le ſtab thee through, what *Bomelio.*

the deuill the deuill and all my bookes be gon: O moſt accurſed man Bomelio, goe hide thy ſelfe, goe hide thy ſelfe, goe hang thy ſelfe, goe hang. Ile hang the horſe out of hand, and as for you villin, ſtand raſcall ſtand.

Fidelia. God Father heare me, come take a little reſt,
Yea my ſweet Father come ſléepe vpon my breſt.

Bomelio. Hark ý horſe, ſee what an impudẽt horſe it is, ſléep you horſe ile ſléep with you anon, gogs blood you horſe, ile hang you vp.

Fidelia. Helpe helpe Hermione.

Hermione. God father let her alone, come let vs goe,

Mercury. Now with my muſick ile recure his woe.

Play.

Bomelio. Hark harke my hartes, Pipes, Fiddels, oh braue, I ſhall haue my bookes againe, daunce about, Robin Hood is a good knaue, come belle lets goe ſléep, come belle together together

Mercury. Now will I charme him that he ſhall not wake,
Untill he be releeued in this place:
Then take her blood and caſt it on this brake,
And therwithall beſprinckle all his face.
And he ſhall be reſtored to his ſence,
His health and memory as heeretofore:
Do this for I muſt now departe from hence,
And ſo your ſorrowes ſhall increaſe no more.

Hermione. Fidelia, what haſt thou heard my deere,
O comfortable wordes were they but true:
If any God or Goddeſſe be ſo neere,
Vouchſafe of pitie on our paines to rue.
Delude not with a fained phantaſie:
The wretched minde of men in miſerie.

Fidelia. Alas Hermione, let vs not feede
And flatter our ſelues with my good ſurmiſe:
We are too much accurſed ſo to ſpeed,
Or any hope therof for to deuiſe.
Reſolue your ſelfe deere freend another way,
And let vs neuer looke for happy day.

Enter

Enter Phizantius, Armenio, Penulo, and Lentulo.

When thirſt of hot reuenge inflameth high deſire, Phyzan.
When malice blindeth ſo the minds of them ỹ would aſpire.
That to inlarge their names, they ſpeak not his diſpite,
That ouerſeeth all their workes, their doinges to requite.
Marke then what followeth when Princes ye prouoke,
The deeper & the larger wound when longeſt is the ſtroake.
And this hath moued me to leaue my Court a while,
To be content in ſweat of browes, in trouble paine & toyle.
To ſeeke out wretches them that haue abuſ'd me ſo,
And to reward their villany according ere we goe.
May it pleaſe your honour it is excellent don, (Sonne. Penulo.
Gogs blood and I were a Prince and had ſuch an noble
That ſhould be ſo highly abuſed as he hath bẽn,
Would I put it vp? no by his wounds I would neuer lin.
Till I had made ſuch a mingle mangle vpon their noſe,
That their ſkin ſhould ſerue to make me a dublet and a paire of hoſe.
What you would not? I faith you lok not with the face, Lentulo.
Whẽ you haue their ſkin ſir, what wil you do with the caſe?
But maiſter Prince, ſince you are come to this trauelation,
Ile bring you to mine olde maiſters conuoculation.
Where he hides him ſelfe when I ran away:
Its not farre within theſe woods: how think you ſir I pray?
Lead on the way and I will follow thée, Phyzan.
Why then come on my valiant harts, march on and followe me. Lentulo.
But Ile make this bargaine firſt, heare you me what I ſay?
When I come home you ſhall not let my maiſter beate me for running away.
He ſhall not I warrant thée: Phyzan.
Why then my noble youths of Oke pluck vp your harts with me. Lentulo.
Wil you come ſir, come on I faith kéep in order you thereby:

We ſhall finde her I faith maiſter Prince anon I know,
And then Ile trounce him for running away with an other
mans wife I trowe.

Penulo. Stand ſir, who lyes a ſunning yonder can you tell?

Lentulo. Its a Begger with a Roge.

Phyzan. It is my daughter I ſee full well.

Hermione. Fidelia be content, ſhrinke not at all.

Phyzan. Strike not a ſtroke my ſonne.

Penulo. For helpe I ſhall goe run and call.

Phyzan. And art thou found falſe traitour and vntrue:
Traitour to him that delte ſo well with thee:
Did I deuiſe to ſtop that would inſue,
And found my cares ſuch iſſue as I ſee.
I ſee I am abuſed to to much,
And to much ſufferance is cauſe of this abuſe,
This high abuſe of yours as being ſuch,
Affordes no cloke nor colour of excuſe.
O where is thankfulneſſe and loue become?
Where is feare of Princes wrath exilde?
Euen this is the vnhappineſſe of ſome,
To be of them they truſted moſte beguilde,
But ſometime pardon breedes a ſecond ill:
Thou chameleſſe wench, and thou falſe harted knight,
By your vnhappy deedes I learne this ſkill.
But yet I lift not kill thee as I might,
Her will I haue and keepe her as I may,
On paine of death I charge thee hence away.

Hermione. O Prince, this ſentence hath his force and ſtrength,
And dead I am that heere appeer to liue:
For how alas can this my life haue length,
When ſhe is hence that life and ſence doth giue.
But ſince alas I muſt be only he,
Whom Fortune vowes to make a common game:
Armenio my foe do this for me,
With thy reuenge to end my open ſhame,
To helpe thee to diſgeſt thine iniurie,

Appeaſe

Appeaſe thæ with Hermiones tragedie.
Farre be the thought of that accurſed dæde, Fidelia.
O ſwæte Hermione my ſwæt Hermione:
Foule be his fall that makes thy body blæde,
O ſwæte Hermione my ſwæte Hermione.
And father this I vowe, forgiue it me.
I will be ſacrifice for this offence:
And or I will haue my Hermione,
My choſen loue: or never parte from hence.
Him haue the deſtinies ordained mine:
Wolt worthy, me your daughter every way:
Nor he to any will his choice reſigne.
No more my troubled thoughts will let me ſay.
What wilt thou folithe girle and obſtinate, Phyzan.
Saiſt thou this treaſon is deuiſde by fate.
That ſhall we trie, diſpatch her hence away,
Lets ſee who dares our princely will gainſay.
Sir, and youle haue vs carry her, hære be them come of the carriers: Penulo.
And youle haue vs marry her, hære be them come of the marriers. Lentulo
Lord I marueil to whoſe ſhare this Lady will fall, Penulo.
I am ſure my parte in her wilbe leaſt of all.
Venus and Fortune ſhew themſelues and ſpeak to Phizantius, while Hermione ſtandeth in a maze.
Hye time it is that now we did appeare, Venus.
If we deſire to end their miſerie:
Phizantius ſtay, and vnto vs giue eare, Fortune.
What thou determineſt perfourmed cannot be.
Dread goddeſſe, whatſoeuer of this place, Phyzan.
If I hæin haue diſobaied thy grace.
Of fauour graunt for to remit the ſame,
Let me not ſuffer vndeſerued blame.
Phizantius ſtand vp be of good chære, Venus.
None but thy frendes are met together hære.
Thy frends though goddeſſes in other thinges,

Yet enterchange an alteration bringes.
And now wheras you ſeeke in what you can,
To let your childe to marry with this man.
Knowe that it is the pleaſure of our will,
That they together be conioyned ſtill.
For tis not ſo, he is not borne ſo baſe,
As you eſteeme, but of a noble race.
His Father is the god *Bomelio*,
That ſlepeth heere oppreſt with woe.
Whom Phalaris thy father on a falſe reporte,
In wrath and anger banished his Court.
But this is he to whom thou wiſheſt oft good,
And this his Sonne borne of a noble blood.
Thinke it no ſcorne to thee or thine herafter,
To haue his Sonne eſpouſed to thy daughter.

Phyzan. Right gracious Goddeſſe if this be true indeed,
As I beleeue, becauſe from you it doth proceed.
Then pardon me, for had I knowne it ſo,
His Sonne had neuer taſted of this woe.
Unwitting of his linage till this time,
But I preſumed ſprung of a noble line.
But hence and pleaſe your dieties my greeſe,
Becauſe my Sonne is dumbe without releeſe.

Penulo. I faith ſirra thou and I may holde our peace with their leaue,
For none but wiſe men ſpeak heere I perceiue.

Lentulo. In ſome reſpectes ſo, in ſome reſpectes not,
For a fooles bolte is ſoone enough ſhot.

Fortune. Phizantius feare no longer his diſtreſſe,
The gratious Gods prouide for his redreſſe.
The ſhedding of thy daughters deereſt blood,
Shall both to him and to this man do good.
For let this Fearne be dipt in many a place,
And as he ſlepeth caſt it in his face.
And let his tung be waſhed there withall,
And both of them releeued ſee you ſhall.

Phizan. How ſay you daughter will you graunt therto,

Moſt

Moſt willing ſir if you vouchſafe to do. Fidelia.
But this requeſt which I moſt humbly pray,
Then I may be Hermiones for aye.
With all my hart heron I giue my hand. Phyzan.
I take it ſir, and to your word I ſtand. Fidelia.
And for thy ſake Hermione my deare,
See what I do, although it touch me neere.
Now take thy fill and for his madneſſe proue,
O ſweet and fearefull ſight the ſigne of loue. Hermione.
If it be any ſweeter matters that runnes from you ſo. Lentulo.
I pray you giue me ſome of your bleſſinges ere you goe.
I ſtriue to ſpeak and glad I finde my ſpeeche, Armenio.
Forgiue Hermione, forgiue me I beſeech.
And you good ſiſter pardon my frends too,
Too raſh in all I ventured to do.
See what proceedeth from vnſtable youth,
Shame to him ſelfe and to his frendes a cauſe of ruthe.
Armenio long hath my end deſired, Hermione.
To heare the proffer of this pleſant peare:
Which ſith the Gods do graunt as we require,
Hence forth let rancor and contention ceaſe.
And in our breſt be knit for euer ſure,
The linkes of loue perpetuall to indure.
What haue I heard: what is it that they ſay? Bomelio.
Amazed quite, confounded euery way,
My ſonne Hermione, I know that is the ſame,
And thats my Prince, now comes greefe and ſhame.
My Lord Bomelio ſhun not, I know you now, Phizan.
Forgiue the fact my Father did to you.
And what he did impute it not to me,
Thy former place I will reſtore to thee,
In token of our faithfull amitie,
We will be ioyned in neere affinitie.
Long liue Phizantius, long liue in happy eaſe,
The Gods be bleſt I liue this day to ſee: Bomelio.
What pleaſe the one ſhall neuer me diſpleaſe.

Thyſe

Thriſe happy now for all my miſery.

Penulo. Why then ſir, ſith euery thing is come to ſo good an end,
I hope my good maſter youle ſtand my good frend. (liue on,
And giue me but two or thꝛee thouſand pound a yeare to

Lentulo. Much in my nock Nicols you and I ſhal ſtaue it anon.

Armenio. Aſſure thee Penulo thou ſhalt not want as long as I liue.

Lentulo. Why then maiſter, mine olde Maiſter, I pray you forgiue,
Your old runaway, twas for faſhion ſake, Ile do ſo no more

Bomelio. Lok you do not ſirra and then I pardon you therfore.

Venus. Thus euery thing vnited is by loue,
Now Gods and men are reconcilde againe:
On whome becauſe I did my pleaſure proue,
I will reward you for your former paine.
Receiue the fauours of our dietie,
And ſing the praiſe of Venus ſouereintie.

Fortune. And for I plaid my parte with Lady loue,
While eche did ſtriue for thꝛee authoꝛitie:
Your good deſerts dame Foꝛtune ſo doth moue,
To giue theſe ſignes of liberalitie.
Thus for amendes of this your late vnreſt,
By Loue and Foꝛtune ye ſhall all be bleſt.
And thus heꝛof this inward care I haue,
That wiſdome ruleth loue and Foꝛtune both:
Though riches faile and beauty ſeeme to laue,
Yet wiſdome foꝛward ſtill vnconquered goeth.
This we beſeech you take frendly in woꝛth.
And ſith by loue and foꝛtune our troubles all do ceaſe,
God ſaue her Maieſtie that keepes vs all in peace.
Now they and we do all triumphe in ioy,
And loue and foꝛtune are linked ſure frendes:
All greefe is fled for your annoy.
Foꝛtune and loue makes all amendes.
Let vs reioyce then for the ſame,
And ſing hyr praiſes of their name.

FINIS.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 073940691